

## In this Tale of Daring Travel FIRST WHITE MAN INTO MECCA;

### This Englishman broke Blockade

**F**IRST man to break through the Moslem cordon flung round the East Indies was an Englishman, John Warner, who in 1502 made the perilous journey from Alexandria, through Mecca, the Yemen, and Persia, finally to reach India, where he spent six years.

The account of his arduous travels is given in a Latin volume published in Venice in 1510, which John Warner signed with his Romanised name of "Gio di Varthemia."

With the rise of the Moslem religion through Greater Arabia, the shorter route to India had been cut, for the earlier Moslems killed out of hand anyone not of their religion.

**JOHN WARNER** was told he was going to certain death if he entered the land of the Moslems—but nevertheless he set out on foot from Alexandria. He was just 20 years of age. To John goes the honour not only of getting to India and back, but also of being the first white man to enter Mecca, and live.

He had not long to wait for adventure.

As soon as he entered the domain of the Mamluk Sultans he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon, where he was left for five days without food or water.

#### BECAME MOSLEM.

On the sixth day he was brought up from his cell, deep in the earth, and told to prepare for execution. But his jailer whispered into his ear, "Say you entered these lands to embrace the true faith." John Warner promptly did so, and took the oath, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet." The other item of initiation into the Moslem religion John describes as "somewhat painful."

After a three months' stay in Damascus, where he spent 18 hours a day studying Arabic, John Warner set off for Mecca in company with the captain of the Mamluk guard of a pilgrim caravan.

#### INTO MECCA.

It was the first time that John had ever ridden a camel, and he says in his account: "It is an unbelievable motion, but after the first ten days I grew easier." He had been given letters and credentials to an

Arab merchant in Mecca, and he told this man his ambition to get to India.

The merchant was horrified. "Here," he said, "we may be more tolerant; but as you go on you will meet followers of the Prophet who will kill you, whether you are a convert Moslem or not."

But John insisted, and the Arab merchant smuggled him out of the city to its port—Jiddah, on the Red Sea.

#### HID IN MOSQUE.

When the Englishman reached Jiddah he went to the house where his Arab friend had said he would be given shelter, but he found to his dismay that he was turned away immediately, as the owner was panic-stricken at the thought of having a white man under his roof.

At that, John boldly made his way into the mosque, and for 14 days hid in a dark corner; at night he stole out to buy food, trusting to the darkness to hide his white skin.

At the end of this fortnight among the Jiddah fanatics, John succeeded in arranging with the master of an Arab sailing ship to give him passage to the Persian Gulf. They coasted along the shores of Tropical Arabia—the "Arabia Felix" of the Roman geographers.

#### ARRESTED AGAIN.

But as soon as he reached Aden Warner was arrested as a Christian. He was put in irons and thrown into jail, and when the rumour got around that there was a captive Chris-



The trail—hot, weary, perilous

tian in the town, mobs gathered, demanding his death. The Governor refused, as he believed the Sultan of Yemen wanted to see a white man. The mobs thereupon tried to storm the jail, but were beaten back after repeated attempts, in which scores of people were killed.

That night, Warner was smuggled out of the town, tied to a fast racing camel, and taken to Radaa, in the interior of the Yemen, where the Sultan was reviewing an army of 80,000 men.

Although he assured the Sultan that he was a true believer, the Englishman was again put into prison, and watched with great strictness by 72 soldiers, acting as jailers in turn.

Each morning, Warner was given a loaf of bread and a pint of water; that was his only ration. For six weeks he was kept in the closest confinement; then one of his guards,

who was a Mamluk, whispered to him, "Pretend you are mad." It was the second time a Mamluk had saved his life.

#### METHOD IN MADNESS.

The next day, when his food was brought him, John Warner stripped off his clothes, threw the loaf at the jailer, gargled with the water, but refused to drink; and uttered such gibberish as came to his mind. It worked.

In 24 hours he was let out of prison, though still kept in his chains. Arab children followed him round the town, jeering and throwing stones at him. On the third day a stone struck him on the eye and partially blinded him, so John insisted upon returning to his prison, and blocked up his cell with large stones, shouting at the top of his voice, "Must I bury myself alive?" Here he remained in deep

dejection for almost a week, without food, refusing to answer the calls of the soldiers outside his cell. He thought he would have to starve to death, but his threat of self-immolation had finally convinced the Moslems that his madness was a sign of holiness. The jailers broke into the cell, and, for the first time, John got a square meal. He says, "I have never needed anything so much as that food."

The Englishman was given an old she-camel and 25 pieces of silver, and sent on his way.

But his adventures and hardships were by no means ended.

#### CONDEMNED AGAIN.

He entered Aden again, hid for a time in the mosque, and managed to get aboard a ship bound for the Persian Gulf.

"Under fair winds," says John Warner, "we skirted the coast, not stopping until we reached the island of Ormuz." He was the first Englishman ever to visit the island.

Four years later, the Portuguese captured Ormuz, after sailing round Africa, in one of the bitterest fights known between the Arabs and the Portuguese freebooters.

From Ormuz, Warner crossed on to the mainland of Persia, and travelled north to reach Herat, which was then the capital of Khorassan and under the rule of a descendant of Timur, the Tartar conqueror.

The Englishman was once again arrested and put in jail. He was informed that he would be executed in three days unless he could get someone to guarantee him in the city.

And his luck still held.

A Persian merchant, Zianor, had made his pilgrimage to Mecca at the same time as John Warner was there, and, coming to the jail, declared that he knew "this man, who was one Yunas, the Mamluk, a true Moslem, as he did indeed verify."

Zianor took John to his home and asked him what he was doing in Herat. John replied that he was exploring the world.

Zianor answered, "Allah be praised! For now I shall have a companion who will explore the world with me."

#### ALAS, TOO SOON.

But difficulties were not over. Whilst the companions in world exploration were still on their way back to Ormuz, they were captured by bandits.

All was well; this was only a business foray on the part of the brigands. They wanted cash; and, once they got it, they didn't worry.

But when they learned that our friend John was a white man, they began to draw lots to see who would kill him.

Zianor pleaded in vain. He offered all his capital. (And John tells us that it was not less than £50,000 in our present money.)

#### TRUE BELIEVER, PLEASE.

But the leader of the brigands valued his salvation—for it was salvation to kill a Christian—more than a fortune, even that much.

Then John turned to him: "Not only am I a true believer," he said, "but as all things are written, I say to you, kill! Because that is how Allah has written."

The brigand chief watched him narrowly.

"I must kill you," he declared.

"Kill, then," answered John, "for you carry out your destiny; and mine."



The Goal—The Spice Lands

"I was so desperate by this time," says the chronicle, "that I no longer knew of anything. I stood there, expecting death. But the chieftain's hand was stayed."

"So you do expect death," said the brigand. "That we have in common. But no one can stand as you do for death unless he knows that Allah is invincible and that all is written."

#### INTO INDIA.

And so the pair made their way to India, through Ormuz, by the Calicut, down through present Madras, to Calcutta.

John Warner was the first man to get there by way of the Arab country.

Later, together with his friend, Zianor, he made his way as far as Indo-China.

They were both arrested several times. At least three times they met, together, the immediate threat of the executioner's sword.

And on four occasions they got away by claiming that English John was a Moslem Saint.

"And, indeed," his account says, "I looked the whole part, God forgive me."

The last time is worth recording—after all, you cannot recapitulate the whole extraordinary story in this small space.

John was captured by the Portuguese near Howrah—an out-settlement of Calcutta.

"Then," says the account, "all our men (Moslems every one) came to the Portuguese and explained that they had taken our Saint. We said that, whatever might be the truth in the parts they came from, in the parts where they were now living they were outnumbered by at least 1,000 to 1."

"We declared that we would slaughter them, no matter how much superior armour they had. We would call the whole of the countryside in our favour. And the whole peoples here were Moslems."

"We shall kill you," we said, "because, as we say, you have taken our Saint."

At this, the Portuguese saw reason and delivered back the Saint they had stolen.

Or, rather, they gave back John Warner—the first man to get through the Moslem country, the first white man to live in Mecca, the first white man to be accepted through Moslem civilisation as a Saint.

The homeward journey was simple, almost prosaic to relate.

John met an English ship—and was taken to Europe.

#### WHAT'S THE SECRET?

But—the secret of his Moslem "Saintship"?

Quite simple.

John says: "I never did drink, nor use oaths to excess. But always am I courteous to all women." There's a tip in a million.

## A.B. JOHN SHUTTLEWOOD: Here's news and a photo of your family

**T**HERE was quite a family gathering at 8, Bath Street, Gravesend, when we called the other day, A.B. John Shuttlewood.

Your mother and father were quite excited about getting a message to you, and Mrs. Cunningham tried desperately hard to think of all the people who had been asking after you. And look at the picture; hasn't Diana grown? She's certainly a lovely child.

Mrs. Taylor, whose husband was on leave this week, was also at home, and she, too, sends greetings.

Your sister, Ada, has now been drafted into a munition factory, and is going all out in her war effort.

Gladys is a very proud little lady now; she won half a crown in a school knitting competition.

Evelyn Gillett, whom we believe was a particular girl friend, has been ill, but is rapidly recovering. She calls at your home most Sunday evenings, "when," your mother

says, "the main topic of conversation is John Edward Shuttlewood."

The final message comes from the "Ship and Lobster." Guess we don't have to point

that place out on the map for you; your many friends send greetings!



Smiles from us all—everything's fine at home.





## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ

Could anyone double-double-cross a dame like this? Not if he had a conscience, anyway. Yet Bob Taylor played her the dirtiest ever in "—". Surely you can guess NOW. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 173: A Cete.

### FIGURE THIS ONE?

FOUR numbers are represented below by letters, and the second number is double the first, the third double the second, and the last one double the third.

B I G  
G U N  
E E R  
B H D D

What is the figure-value of each letter?

The figures 1 to 9 (but not 0) are all used—and, by the way, you may notice that the letters rearranged have cruiser significance. Here is a clue: The letter B counts 1.

(Answer in No. 175)

## JANE



# To-day's Brains Trust

## QUIZ for today

ROUND the discussion table to-day we have an aeronautical Engineer, a Physicist, an Astronomer, and a Bomber Pilot, and the question they are to discuss is:

**How high is it possible for aeroplanes to fly?**

**Engineer:** "I believe the official height record still stands at about eleven miles, which was achieved by the Italians in 1938, but much progress in aircraft and engine design has been made since then, and the possible limit to-day may be as high as fourteen miles."

**Pilot:** "The question refers to aeroplanes generally, and I don't think the questioner intended it to refer to a single, specially-designed record-breaking plane."

**The general height at which one may fly is naturally limited by the load carried, and I doubt if passenger-carrying planes will ever fly above eight miles.**

"Flying at great heights is very expensive, and it is difficult to find good reasons for climbing to them. The difficulty is chiefly in getting up, and an adjustable engine is necessary, because when you are up the conditions are so different from those near the ground."

**Physicist:** "The Pilot and the Engineer have both referred to aeroplanes more or less of the existing types. That is, to aeroplanes driven by reciprocating petrol engines. But experiments are being made in England, Germany, Italy and U.S.A. with new methods of propulsion, and these may make flight easier at great altitudes than it is nearer the ground."

"For instance, there is the internal combustion turbine, which should raise the efficiency of the engine from about 20 per cent. to 60 per cent., and a form of turbine which virtually converts the aeroplane into a rocket."

"This type of plane has no propeller, and, therefore, avoids the difficulty of getting sufficient pull in highly-rarified air. A propeller does not grip the very thin air of great heights at all easily, but the rocket type of propulsion is actually more efficient in a vacuum."

**Engineer:** "The question is about aeroplanes; rocket-ships which would fly in vacuums would not be aeroplanes, which need air for the support of their wings. In highly rarified air, such as you get at, say 20 miles, a plane would need enormous wings. But on the aerodrome below, those wings would offer too much resistance for the machine to attain flying-speed."

"Designs have actually been worked out for aeroplanes with telescopic wings. These would be retracted into short wings when flying at low altitudes, but extended as required at greater heights."

"But all this means more weight, more complication, and more spare power. As the Pilot said, it is difficult to see the advantages of building freak machines of this sort."

**Astronomer:** "The chief advantages are, I suppose, the

fact that in the stratosphere there are neither clouds nor storms, and in such thin air great speeds could be attained. This question of speed would only be of advantage for very long flights, since anything gained on a short flight would be lost again in the time required to climb up to the stratosphere."

**Pilot:** "I imagine it would be very cold flying in the stratosphere for any length of time. Even at bombing heights of a quarter this altitude the plane constantly freezes over, and de-icing equipment is called into play. Some of our present machines are actually lined with a sort of felt to help keep them warm."

**Physicist:** "Well, it is a curious thing but, as the stratosphere balloonists discovered, although the temperature drops steadily as you ascend to a height of about eleven miles, above that height it remains steady. At about twenty miles it actually begins to rise again, and at thirty miles it is more or less the same as it is at the surface of the earth."

**Astronomer:** "True enough,

### WORD LADDER

G O L D

Can you change GOLD to DUST in six moves, changing one letter at each move?

(Solution in No. 175)

D U S T

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yet it is extremely doubtful if you would feel warm. The fact is, although the air at that height is at 60 degrees, there is precious little of it. It would no more warm you than a candle-flame burns you when you pass your finger rapidly through it. At greater heights still, it rises at about 5 degrees per mile till the boiling-point of water is reached somewhere near the Heavyside Layer, at 70 miles above the earth."

**"Here you would be deluged with dangerously strong ultra-violet rays, which could, of course, be kept outside the cabin by the use of suitable glass. At 140 miles, in the Appleton Layer of ionised gases, the temperature would stand at about 1,800 degrees—the melting point of copper."**

"Once again, there would not be sufficient heat (even at this temperature) to prevent your feeling cold, and, in addition, you would be liable to bombardment by meteors, of which about ten million enter the earth's atmosphere every day. Many of them do not burn themselves out till they approach to within eighty miles of the earth's surface, and as they may be travelling at 10 miles per second, you could not hope to dodge them."

**Engineer:** "These are certainly formidable problems, but the

## WANGLING WORDS—130

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after INSU, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of NO, NELL IS RICH, to make an English county.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOAL into KICK, RIPE into PLUM, DOCK into LEAF, DRUM into TAPS.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SUBTRACTION?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 129

- ICONOCLASTIC.
- GRAVESEND.
- FREE, FRET, FEET, REAT, BEAT, BOAT, BOOT, COOT, COOK, LOOK, LOCK, LICK, KICK.
- WASH, LASH, LAST, LOST, LOSS, LOWS, BOWS, BOWL, BODY, BODE, BOLE, BOLT, BELT.
- SLOW, SLOT, SOOT, SORT, SAGE, WORE, WORM.
- Cone, Nose, Rose, Sore, Save, Vase, Sear, Rave, Veer, Nave, Vane, Vain, Tone, Note, Vote, Veto, Rate, Tear, Tare, Rite, Tire, Tier, Sate, Teas, Rote, Tore, etc.
- Votes, Corse, Store, Tease, Carve, Verve, Nerve, Naive, Stove, Cores, Score, Roves, Crave, Crate, Crane, Train, Serve, etc.

designers of rocket-ships will have to face them—not aeroplane designers. The air at such heights would not support any machine which could be reasonably called an aeroplane, for which the lower layers of the stratosphere mark the natural altitude limit."

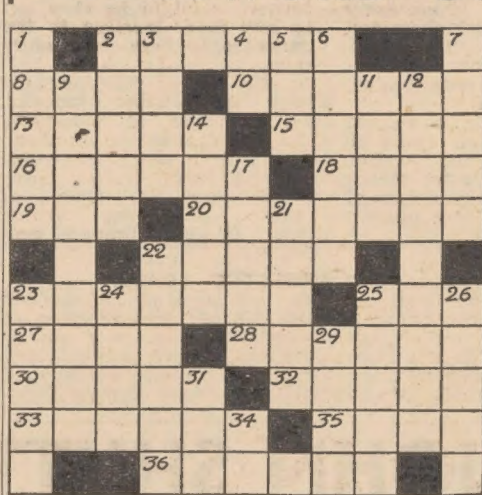
**Pilot:** "There is one other point. For high-speed travel in the stratosphere some other form of propulsion than the propeller would probably be necessary. In the Schneider Trophy races, and all air speed-record flights, it has been found necessary to fly as low as is consistent with safety—generally at about 500 feet. This means that as far as speed is concerned, it is better to have dense air and small wings than thin air and large wings, and this is due entirely to the conditions of satisfactory propeller action."

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first is in OYSTER, yet not in PEARL,  
My second's in BREAK, and not in FURL,  
My third is in BAGPIPE, and not in SKIRL,  
My fourth is in WRITER, though not in JOURNAL,  
My fifth is in COBNET, yet not in KERNEL,  
My sixth is in RAILWAY, but not in STATIONS,  
My seventh's in NEWS, not ILLUSTRATIONS.  
(Answer on Page 3)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Originated.
- Scold.
- Column.
- Bedeck.
- Free.
- Reaped.
- Urn.
- Concealed.
- Vigilant.
- Thigh-bone.
- Came to point.
- Owens.
- Counenance.
- Voiced.
- Profess.
- Cheek.
- Seed within husk.
- Defence.
- Aphorisms.

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

STRAPHANGER  
WOE ROB RYE  
INSTITUTION  
GAP GET LTD  
GLIB L ELSE  
ETRESTLE R  
DREAR RIDES  
A VALET A  
SILOS BERRY  
ADO EEL ALE  
Y WIDGEON W

### CLUES DOWN.

- Coarse linen.
- Remained.
- Lift briskly.
- Erect.
- Zero.
- Gauntlet-maker.
- Angler's basket.
- Excellent.
- Idle.
- Positive assertion.
- More up-to-date.
- Ladies.
- Glory.
- Entertaining.
- Sticky.
- Common fruit.
- Pulls hard.
- Place.
- Scuff.
- Workers.
- Behold.

## ODD CORNER

IN 1792 a bridge was built across the Atlantic Ocean—naturally by Scottish engineers. It is still standing, this wee stone bridge, and it connects the mainland of Scotland with the Atlantic island of Seil, about twelve miles south of Oban. The Gaelic name of the bridge is Tigh-an-Truich, "The House of the Trousers," and commemorates the time when the wearing of kilts was forbidden in Scotland. The islanders used to slip a pair of trousers over their kilts before crossing the bridge to the mainland.

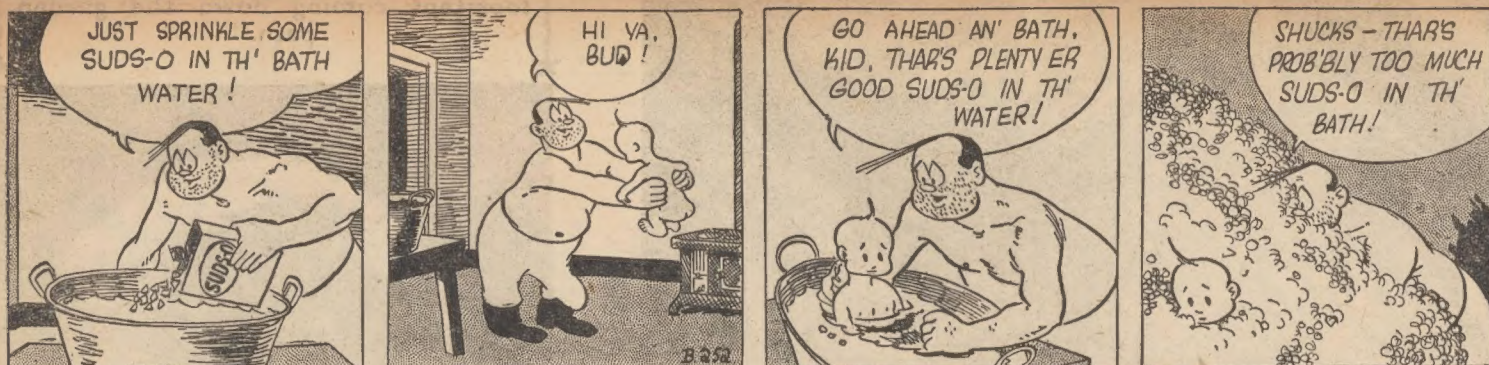
Every day you shave you cut off about 25,000 hairs. The number of hairs on a blonde girl's head varies

from 140,000 to 160,000, those on a brunette's from 80,000 to 125,000 while red-heads have between 25,000 and 55,000. Take another look at those figures. There is not one of them that is not far greater than the total number of stars visible to the naked eye in both hemispheres! Only 17,000 stars can be counted without the aid of a telescope.

Queer things turn up at the London Transport Lost Property Office. In one day 1,128 umbrellas were handed in, the sundry items including one jug of Irish stew, a brown-paper parcel containing a stethoscope, ear-phones and a stuffed snake, and a number of skeletons. At Prague, a special locker used to be kept for a certain Professor who invariably left his umbrella in the train. He had five, so as to be sure of always finding at least one at home.



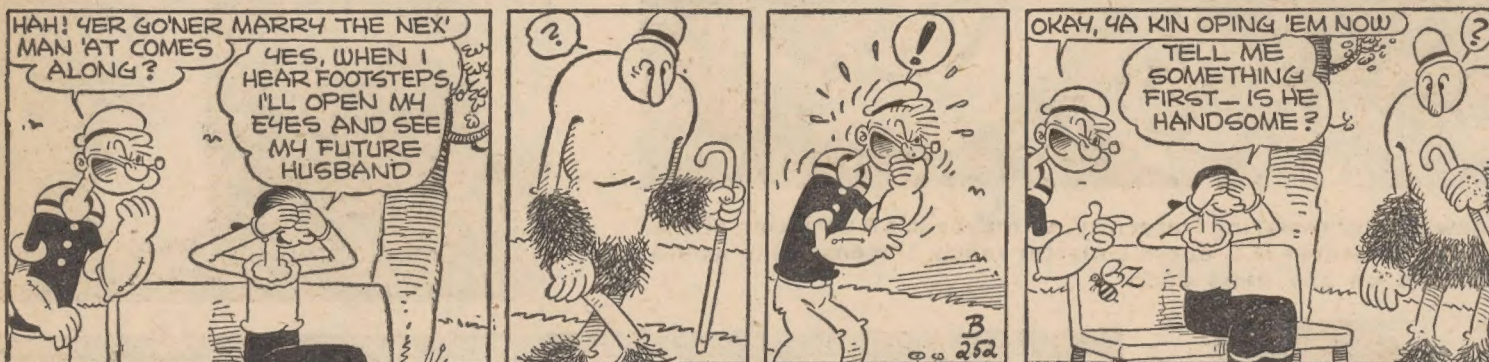
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



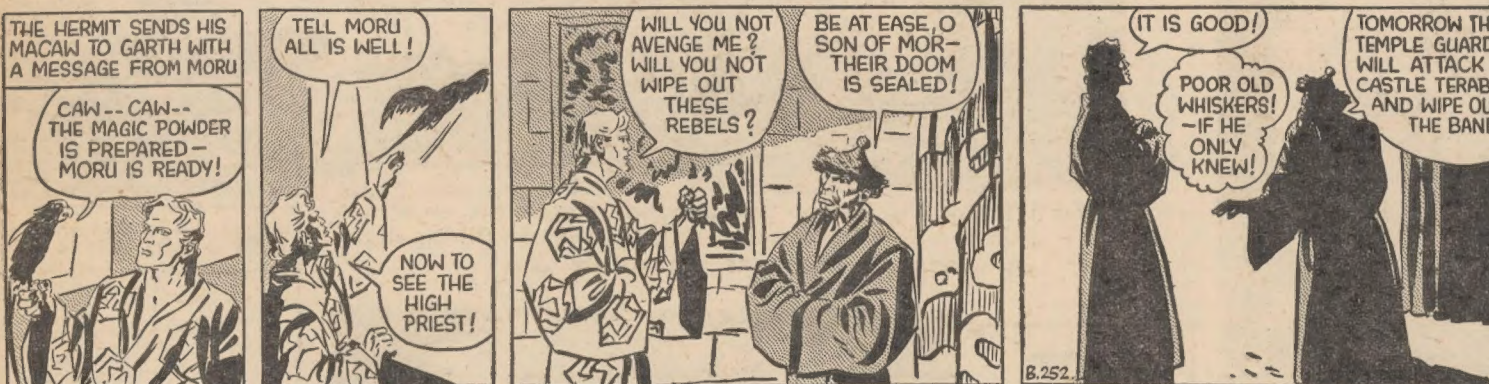
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Hardly Ship-shape

No. 1—By E. W. DROOD



"WHAT a funny-looking ship!" That may well serve as a guide to this series on ships that do not look ship-shape.

We shall deal with what seem to us to be "queer" or "freak" craft, for the dictionary maintains that a ship is "any sea-going vessel of considerable size," and that ship-shape means no more or less than "in good order."

So, whilst bowing to the omniscient lexicographer, you and I and other men in the street will make our own selection.

We ought to remember, of course, that the captain of a Venetian galley, with her beautiful lines, her tiers of oars, her formidable iron-shod ram, and a length at least six times her breadth, would have smiled, or more probably winced, at the English "round" ship, with her single square sail and a beam nearly half her length.

So, in all likelihood, did the old English seaman, about the middle of the fifteenth century, when he saw the ships he had sailed in, with their built-up fore- and after-castles, constructed of fir-poles set up and lashed together, with cross-bars, on the top of which was a three-inch plank platform, surrounded by a breastwork; and, nearby, those "new-fangled" craft in which the castles were built into the ship, so that they could not be taken down after the fighting was done and the ships returned to their trading.

One can imagine the mixed feelings of a certain Commander Burgoyne who served in H.M.S. Ganges, 84-gun ship, during her last commission from 1857-61, when he contrasted her, the last British sailing line-of-battle ship, with the new Warrior, first iron-built, armoured sea-going warship. Pity the elderly admiral, gazing at the new Dreadnought, and wondering, probably adjectivally, "what the so-and-so's" are going to do next.

But all these ships had their successors; they were in the direct line of maritime progress. Most of our "strange" craft, we shall discover, had either no, or very few, successors. They just were not necessary.

Why, then, did people design and build ships that had unusual shapes? Usually because they felt that their objects could not be achieved by conventional methods.

In some cases they wanted to wash out sea-sickness. Unfortunately, they not infrequently nearly washed out the passengers. Or they tried to obtain, as in the Russian "round" ships, a steady gun-platform, by having an immense beam in proportion to length. But these vessels, in a sea-way, used to bump like a wagon going over cobble-stones. They might say (as they did), "We want size, speed, and great passenger, freight and bunker capacity," and obtain (as they did) bankruptcy instead.

A particularly bright idea—which will be described in the next article—was to build a ship in detachable sections, so that one part could be left to discharge at any port, whilst the remainder continued its journey—on the principle of the goods train, leaving single wagons at small stations up and down the line.

There were ships with two hulls and ships with no hulls at all; ships as unshapely as piled-up dinner plates, and others like torpedoes. Some were designed for four, even six, paddle-wheels, or for paddle-wheels and propeller. Another was merely a platform attached to immense revolving wheels.

Some of these ideas may again be developed; they may have been, like the Great Eastern, before their time. Scientific discoveries and modern engineering skill may have rendered possible at least the adaptation of some of these designs. When, in 1620, Cornelius van Drebel, Dutchman in the service of James I, navigated some sort of craft propelled by twelve rowers "at a depth of 12 to 15 feet for several hours in the Thames," nobody foresaw the modern submarine.

In any case, he would be foolish who would wager his pension that, in the lifetime of many who read these words, the giant ship will not be displaced almost completely by the giant air liner.

Solution to Allied Ports:  
SEATTLE.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Maybe this is a new kind of uniform for a new kind of seafaring fraternity, or maybe it's a variation of the old "crown and anchor" without the crown. Whatever it is doesn't matter much, the ensemble would be welcome on any mess deck.

"Ha Ha, don't make me laugh. Think I don't know when I hear the guv'nor's footsteps coming down the garden path."



## This England

The very name of York recalls the famous Minster, Micklegate Bar, Bootham Bar, and a host of historic monuments.

Sunlight and shadow in The Shambles, York.



"Yes, I think I'd better put another coach on, after all, this is going to be a leave-train, and I want to take as many submariners home as I possibly can."

## FOX-ING?

Even fox-furs cannot keep them warm, but we must say they are from North Africa, and this climate of ours IS a bit tricky.



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You—cissies."

